

Grave Desires

Silvery veils hung over the deathly still cemetery. Observed by a moon swollen to her fullest, the path forward was clear for Amelia and Candice.

"What are we doing here...??" Candice asked in a loud whisper as if scared to wake the dead. She wrapped her arms around herself, wondering why she'd decided to dress as a cheerleader for Halloween. The two-piece uniform did little against the autumn chill. Surrounded by headstones and fog, it was all the stronger.

Amelia wasn't so quiet. Confident strides weaved her between rows of the buried. "I told you, you'll see!" A dark plaid skirt bounced around her thigh-highs. For as much as Candice felt out of place, her girlfriend was in her element. Amelia's goth attire left her looking ready for a photoshoot amongst the dead. A low-cut laced corset top lifted her breasts like vanilla scoops in a tantalizing display of black and lace.

Most of the trees had shed their colors for the season. What remained crunched under their feet with the beginnings of frost.

Caw!!

"EEP!!" Candice lurched to grab Amelia's shoulders.

"Just a crow..."

"Are you sure we're allowed to be here??"

"I never said that. I said I wanted to show you something in the graveyard and we had to go on Halloween night."

"Yea, but-- I thought--" Candice whimpered with realization. *"Amy! We're going to get in trouble!!"*

"No we're not. The only other people out here are six feet below ground. Just follow me; we're almost there."

Amelia took Candice by the hand. Her warmth calmed the shivering cheerleader's nerves. The pair couldn't have been more different, but her bubbly whimsy met with Amelia's brooding darkness in a surprisingly grand display of fireworks.

Headstones grew more aged as they ventured deeper. Some denied readability as Candice tried to make out the worn engravings. Soon, under the moonlit shadow of a dead tree, Amelia stopped and moved a lock of black hair from her face.

"We're here."

"Where's here??" They stood in a group of headstones with no distinguishing features. Candice couldn't tell them apart from those they had snuck past at the locked gate. *"Amelia, I'm coooold!! Come on!!"*

"Shh. Notice anything about this group of graves?"

"Uhhh..." She stood with her arms wrapped around her chest. Enhanced with the cheer top's padding, her D-cup breasts felt even larger than usual. *"I don't know! They're all old??"*

"Close... They are all from the 1800s... What else?"

"They all have dead people??"

"They're all women. Wet nurses, to be exact."

Candice blinked. “*Wet* nurses? Like they help with swimming injuries?”

Amelia smiled and stooped down to go through a small bag slung over her shoulder. “A wet nurse is someone who lactates to breastfeed newborns for other women.”

“...*Ew*.”

“They were huge throughout history and then the profession died out when better baby formula was developed in the late 1800s.” Amelia sighed and looked at the upright stones. “Their breasts became obsolete. These women in particular were all immigrants who found work with the local midwives. They came to America looking for a better life but couldn’t find jobs. They all had a pair of tits, though. And there are always hungry babies. From my research, these seven women nursed well over five hundred babies before society cast them aside.”

“That’s...kind of sad...”

Amelia nodded. “They weren’t married. They saw their fellow wet nurses as their family. As they died, they were buried together.” A morbid laugh rose from her back when she stood up, clutching a bottle pulled from the bag. “It’s like a military cemetery for those who bravely manned the calcium cannons.”

Even Candice had to snort in amusement. “I didn’t even know that was a job!” She glanced down at Amelia’s cleavage shining in the moonlight. “Wonder what it was like... Lactating all day every day... Being all swollen and engorged... I remember my mom complaining about her chest feeling ready to explode when she had my sister.”

“Producing milk takes a lot out of you. It was a grueling full-time job. You could say it haunts them...”

Candice cocked her head. “...Huh?”

Amelia smiled and squeezed Candice’s hand. “I made friends with one of them.”

“You *made friends* with one of them? I don’t--”

“Her name is Heddy.” Amelia indicated to the headstone at their feet. “Heddy Lingstrom. Back in high school, I was messing around with seances on Halloween because... Well look at me. But I started trying to summon Heddy! I was curious and... *And I needed help on an essay about wet nurses, alright??*”

Candice gasped. “*Amy!! That’s cheating!* Or... Is it? I don’t know, it sounds rude, if anything.”

She waved her off. “Anyways, turns out when you spend most of your time producing milk like some kind of human cow, you get a little addicted to the sensations. As soon as I summoned her, she expressed how much she missed the warmth of her letdowns and providing nourishment. Not being able to release milk was almost painful to her... She wanted nothing more than to feel her dairy flow again... So...”

“...*So??*”

Amelia shrugged. “Soooo I let her possess me.”

“You’re joking. You’re messing with me. If this is some kind of prank--”

“Honest!! She *entered me*. We became one! And then my chest went nuts!” Amelia’s eyes sparkled in lusty reverie. “I started lactating! *Hard*. The stuff wouldn’t stop. I was freaked out at first, but then I realized how good it felt... I lost my goddamn mind. It was...” Amelia

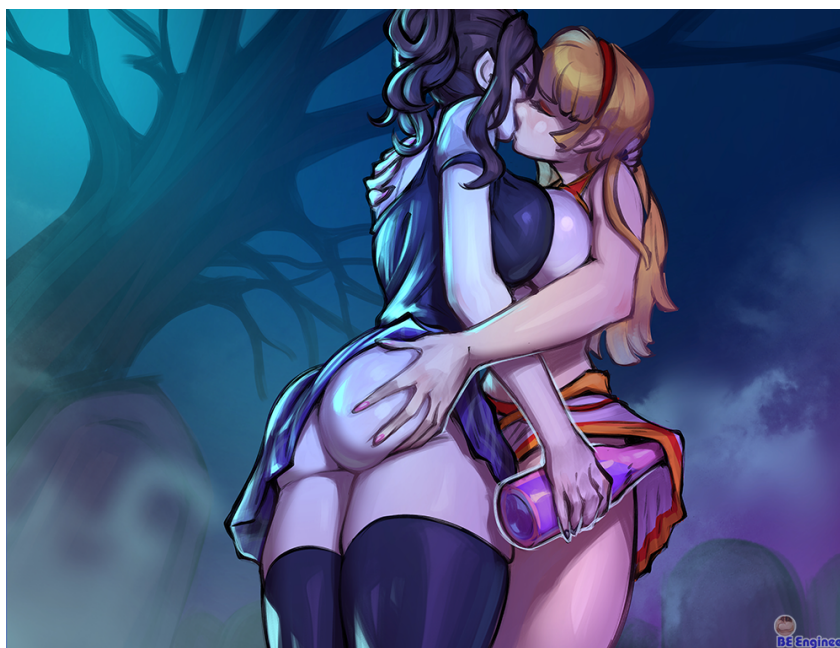
shivered. “*SO good*. I went to class the next day with my blouse ready to pop because I was still so engorged, but it was worth it. That swelling lasted a week before I could finally fit into one of my bras again.”

Candice’s eyes widened. “*I REMEMBER THAT!! Before we started dating!!*” She pointed at Amelia’s chest. “*Everyone was talking about how you must have gotten massive implants for Halloween!! I couldn’t stop staring!! It looked like you had volleyballs for boobs!*”

“I remember all the rumors. But it was worth it. I haven’t been able to stay away ever since. I come every Halloween to pay Heddy a visit. She gets to relive her milking days for a little bit, and I get to experience some insane super boobs.”

It was all clear now. Candice stared at the purple glass bottle in Amelia’s hands. “You mean we’re here so you can let some ghost turn you into a cow for a few hours??”

Heat blossomed between them when Amelia kissed her. Their chests pushed together, a cushion between their bodies. Amelia’s free hand stole a grope of Candice’s ass, lifting her skirt to sink fingers deep into a warm cheek.



“That’s why *I’m* here.” Amelia’s teasing hand slid around Candice’s skirt and grazed the lining across her crotch.

“*Mmmgh! A...Amy...!*”

“*You’re* here to watch and enjoy the fruits of my labor.” She winked. “*Aaaand* to help me pump so I don’t get too big. Then we’ll go home and explore some tits that will put these to shame.”

Coming down from her brief high, Candice asked, “Are you sure--”

The bottle was already uncorked. Amelia’s hand moved in a waving motion, sprinkling a powdered substance over Heddy’s grave. It settled before coming to life. A dull blue glow encompassed the wet nurse’s resting place. Candice watched it shimmer, the energy pulsing and wavering.

“W-What was that??”

“A special blend of herbs with a charm or two I put on them. It’s like an energy drink for spirits. A seance in a bottle!”

“*You can cast charms??*”

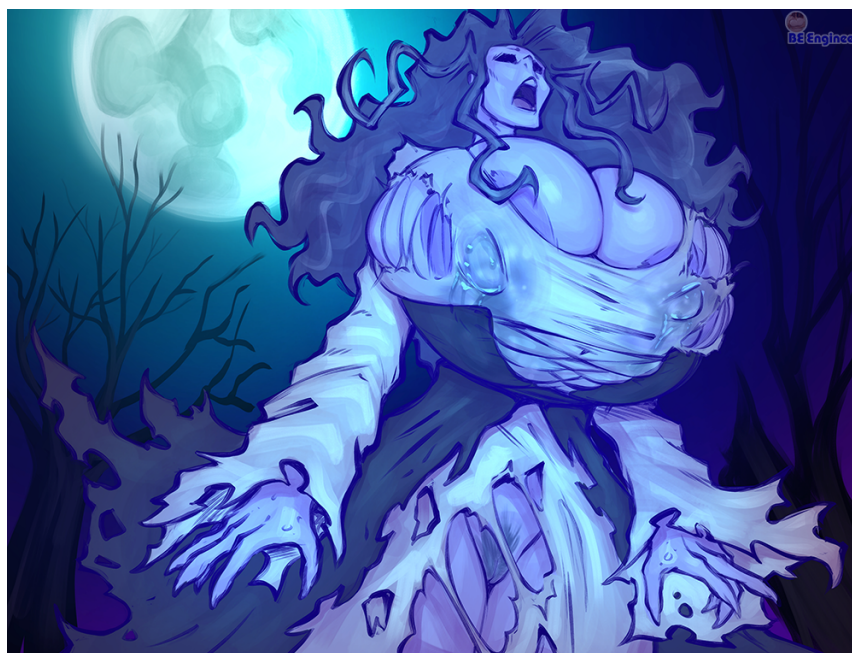
“And when I combine my mixture with a grave on Halloween...”

The glow brightened. Air thrummed and vibrated in Candice’s brain. Wisps of blue rose from the grass like smoke. “*A-Amy! What’s happeni--*”

Hrroooooaaahhhhhhh!!!!

“*AHHH!!!!*”

A blue specter erupted like someone bursting from underwater. It leaped into the air before them, taking on the figure of a ghostly woman wearing a tattered colonial dress. Impressive breasts larger than her head overflowed the bodice. Messed hair waved in the moonlight.



My miiiiilk!!!, the spirit howled, tensing and arching to back to lift her breasts to the sky, *My MIIILK!!! Give me releeeaaaase!!!!*

“*AMELIAAAA!!!*” Candice shrieked, hiding behind Amelia.

The goth stood in place and smiled. Arousal had already hardened her nipples in her corset and warmed beneath her skirt. “Hey, Heddy... You’re looking full; ready to--*OOHH!!*”

The spirit tackled her, diving into Amelia’s torso where she vanished like a rock to a pond.

“*Nngh!*” she grunted, stumbling back while hugging her breasts.

“*Amy?? Amy, are you alright?? She went right into--*” Candice froze upon seeing her girlfriend’s breasts glowing a dull blue. It ebbed and pulsed before fading, Amelia’s hands still grabbing herself as she fought for breath. “*Amelia??*”

"Heh... She never was...big on conversation... Haahhh... O-Oh wow... She's..." Amelia winced and hunched forward. *"S-She's really pent up this year... I--Ngh! Mmmmmm fuck, I... I need to sit down!!"*

With Candice's help, Amelia slumped to the wet grass and leaned against Heddy's headstone. Sweat beaded her head and cleavage as heat rose from her bust like a steaming pot. Blushing and panting for breath, she clawed at the grass while staring at her chest.

It had plumped. Full and swollen, her breasts were filling her corset with confident curves.

"Mmmngh, fuck..."

"What's wrong?? Are you alright??"

"I'm...better than alright..." Amelia groped herself and gently rubbed her breasts. *"God, there's going to be a lot of milk. Look! I'm already swelling up!"*

Candice had to agree. As frightening as the situation was, she couldn't take her eyes off Amelia's front. Her breasts were even larger than usual. They bulged over Amelia's neckline in a soft protest of their shrinking surroundings. Her cleavage was immaculate.

"You're so much bigger now," she whispered.

Guurrrgle

"Mmmngh!! H-Here we go!" Amelia squeaked with a shudder. Goosebumps spread across her bust when it rapidly plumped two cup sizes.

"What do I do?? What do you need?? What--MPH!"

Amelia pulled Candice down by grabbing her cheer top. Their lips met hot and moist, Amelia's heated breath invading Candice's lungs. She couldn't resist grabbing Amelia's front. Her hand found an engorged mound waiting, more than twice its usual size. It was hot and firm. Far heavier than she expected. Delivering a squeeze drew a whimper from Amelia and turned the air under Candice's skirt into a sauna.

Amelia pulled away with weary eyes. *"All I need is for you to enjoy the show. And when I get too big, there's a pump in my b--AAUGH!"* She arched her back against the headstone, thrusting two pulsating breasts forward. *"Mmmmmm!! I-I always try to let Heddy go as long as she wants... But it feels...insanely good. When I...o-orgrasm...it forces her out of my body... So I try to empty them every now and then...s-so I don't...get overwhelmed...and kick her out..."*

Guuurrrrrrgle!

"Fuuuuuck yes!!"

Candice's mouth went dry when her girlfriend's mammaries bloated like water balloons. Two soft mounds the size of volleyballs were straining her top enough to deform the fabric and pull creases over the front.

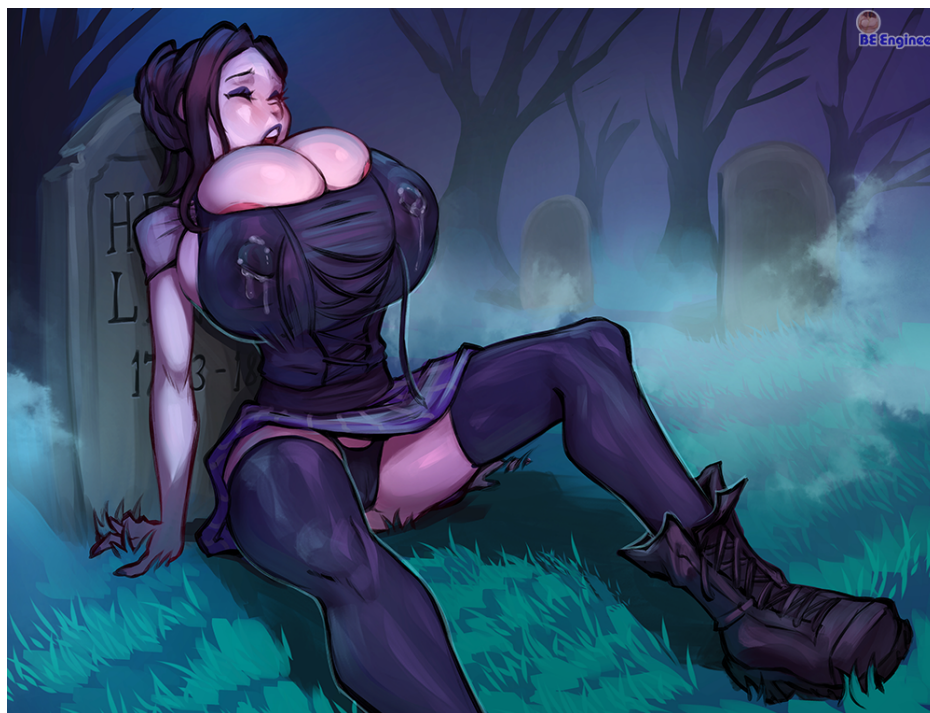
"T-That's it... That's it, Heddy... Let it-- Ngh!! Let it out!"

Strrrrrtch!!!

Steam boiled from Amelia's mouth as she breathed heavily. Looking down, she watched her cleavage stretch and deepen. Her shirt couldn't push outward much more. Instead it was

forcing her breasts up against her collarbones and further down her shirt, deforming them into flattened spheres.

Candice watched Amelia's legs shift. One of her thighs lifted, allowing her skirt to hike up and reveal a sliver of hot pink lace wrapped across her moistening lips.



Guvvurrrrgle!!

"It just...keeps coming!!!" Amelia gasped. "She's never been this fast!!" She grabbed herself and felt up the watermelons ready to destroy her shirt. "God, my tits can barely keep up!! Look at me!!"

"H...How big is too big exactly?? How do I know when to get the pump??"

Looking at her with lust-heavy eyes, Amelia moaned and said, "Like...when they're the size of beach balls or so?"

"BEACH BALLS?! AMELIA, THERE'S NO WAY--"

GUURRGLE!!

"MMMGGAAHHHH!!!!"

An intense wave of engorgement assaulted Amelia's front. As if a dam opened within her, several liters poured into her breasts within seconds to distend and stretch her skin. Weight heaved forth, pulling her shirt to the point of popping stitches. Her arms raced to cradle them, holding the milky flesh tanks beneath her fogging breath. Pale pink crescents rose from her neckline where the soft, pillowy skin of her areolas was creeping into view.

"T-This is real... This is actually happening..." Candice whispered.

Amelia's legs trembled. Fluid dripped down the outside of her panties to the grass below. "Very real. And...nnngh...very full." Breath steaming, Amelia lifted her chest with a whimper and begged, "Come taste."

Desire soaked her mouth. Intense hunger came over Candice at the command. She was kneeling in front of Amelia before she realized what her body was doing. Taut fabric warmed by a straining ocean of milk pressed against her palm. The smallest amount of pressure on the shirt pushed cleavage into Amelia's face and forced a groan from her lungs. She pushed harder, feeling a tea cup areola throbbing under her hand. A nipple swollen to the size of a ping-pong ball filled the space between her thumb and index finger.

There was no getting to Amelia's nipples. Though Candice could see their indents, as well as dark spots from escaping milk, they were too deep down her shirt and Candice wasn't confident she could slip a finger between the neckline and its bulging flesh.

Guuurrrrgle!!

"Mmmmm!! P-Please suck on them!!" Amelia begged again, her bust distending.

Deep, longing breaths tensed Candice's cheer top. "What does it feel like?"

"Nnnghhhhh, fucking SUPERNATURAL. Now pleeeaaase, SUCK ON THEM!!"

Candice inspected the packed mounds before her. "Do... Do I pull your shirt down? Or should--"

Shhrrriip!!!

"Ahhmmm!!!! SHIT!!"

Stitches trembled before shredding open. Under Candice's hand, a tear ripped open allowing a healthy mass of skin to come into contact with her palm.

"Hurry, please, hurry!! Heddy is...driving me crazy!!" Amelia squeaked. "M-My nipple is going to--"

Splrrtch!!

"Ahh!!"

Pink flesh squeezed free, allowing a puffed nipple to escape and spray her with milk. She sat, stunned, cream dripping off her face and warming her front. It smelled divine. Vanilla laced with honey and spices. Her heart fluttered and thirst settled in the back of her through.

"S...Sorry..." Amelia trembled. "The pressure...is getting to be--MMMGGH!!"

Lips latched with insatiable greed. Grabbing the watermelon globe, Candice buried her face into the rip. Heat poured from Amelia's areola and covered her face, smothering her when she pushed herself deep enough.

Guuurrrrgle!!

"Mmgaahhh!!! C...Candice!! That--" Amelia leaned back and pulled her lover's head deep into her bosom. "Harder!! Suck me...harder!!!"

GUUURRRRRRGLE

"You're-- You're making Heddy-- THIS IS DRIVING HER CRAZY!!"

GUUURRRRGLE!!

Whining leaked from Amelia along with her milk. The tear across her front grew wider as her breasts bloated faster than ever. Her free hand slipped into her panties, finding a soft velvety entrance lubed to perfection.

All the while, Candice was lost in bliss. Breastmilk danced on her tongue in delicate arrays of flavor. It was hard to believe something so sweet could come from someone so dark. Amelia's nectar was intoxicating. Warm and creamy. It coated her mouth and settled in her belly like a dense soup.

GUUURRRRGLE!!!

"MMMMM!!! A-Aahhh!! Can...Candice...!! I'm-- I'm gonna blow!! I can't-- There's too much milk!! S...Slow down!! You're gonna make me-- I'm not ready!"

Shrriiip!!

POP!!

Flesh burgeoned into Candice's face. Inches were turning into massive problems for Amelia's shirt as more tears formed at the seams. Down one side, a stitch burst like a gunshot.

"Ahh!! AHHHH FUCK!! F-FUCK!!" Amelia squirmed and pushed Candice off, the cheerleader falling back with milk running down her chin.

"Amel--"

"T-T-The pump!! I need the pump!!" Tensing and not daring to move her fingers as they were plunged deep into her, Amelia gasped. *"I'm-- Gonna come!! I need to let some milk out!! I'm...not ready for this to be over!! P-Please...!! I..."* A savage groan made her feet dig into the ground. *"I-I don't feel like...I can hold Heddy much longer!!"*

Candice nodded and scrambled to her hands and knees. Milk still dripped from her lips when she crawled to Amelia's bag.

GUUURRGLE!!!

"MMMMM!!! OHHH GOD!!! I'm-- I'M GONNA COME!! I'M GONNA COME!!! CANDIICE!! HURRY!!! GOD THE PRESSURE FEELS GOOD!!"

She dared to glance over. Her girlfriend's shirt was straining over two overinflated basketball balls stuffed with dairy. Skin bulged from several flaring gashes. Nipples, bloated like roasted marshmallows, puffed as if breathing.

Candice's hands found the pump: two plastic bottles attached to a motor with hoses between them. She paused, however, staring at something else.

"C-Candice!!" Amelia squeaked, on the verge of orgasm. *"What are you--"*

Candice looked at the other six graves. *"You said all these women were wet nurses...?"*

"Mmmmm, yes!! Now hurry and drain these things before I expl--" Candice stood. Staring helplessly at her, eyes lingering up her cheer skirt, Amelia's gaze settled upon a purple bottle in Candice's grasp. Her heart skipped a beat when the cork was removed. *"WAIT!!! DON'T--"*

The whole of its contents spread in a wide arc. Candice cast her arm over the row of headstones, dazzling the air with the concoction of herbs before they settled upon the graves. Milk-drunk eyes shined in the moonlight as she waited amidst Amelia's labored breaths.

Trepidation was enough to overwhelm Amelia's pending eruption. *"W-What did you just do?! Candice!! You're--"*

Silent dead rumbled with life. Purples and blues glowed from the row of wet nurses' graves, their headstones shining over them. Candice said nothing, an overwhelming sense of thirst and arousal having taken over. The ground trembled beneath their feet only in warning before chaos burst forth.

HRRROOOAAAHHHHH!!!!

Release!! RELEEEAAAASE!!!

WE...NEED RELEEEAAAASE!!!

Amelia gasped for breath, watching half a dozen specters fill the air around them. Internal pressure made her squirm with rising arousal bordering on explosive. Wails for letdowns drown her moans. "Candice!! What...mnmgh!!...what did you do?! All these ghosts are--"

"Aren't they beautiful??" She opened her arms toward the swirling spirits. "We're here for you!! We're here to help you release!!"

"CANDICE, DON'T!! THERE'S TOO MANY FOR--"

"Fill our chests!! We want to bear your mi--MMPH!!"

REEELEEEAAAASE!!!!

They swooped like vultures. Two penetrated Candice, diving into her presented chest and drawing a groan of shivering delight.

The other four fell upon Amelia. They vanished into her already-bloated breasts without hesitation.

Silence fell again. Candice's breathing hitched and she doubled over, grabbing her chest. Amelia didn't dare move as she felt her mammaries shifting as their new residents settled.

Rmmmbbblll

Anxiety drove a spike through her heart. Frozen in fear, Amelia's lust was quelled as she stared at her vibrating chest. She waited for what felt like a bomb about to erupt within her body.

GUUURRRRRGLE

"MMMGHHH!!! FUCK!!!" Amelia jolted when energy exploded within her ghost-containing flesh. Their glow played over her face, illuminating the cemetery in blue. Growth surged forward six inches, swelling with the angry pent-up dairy of five women.

SHRRIIP!!!!

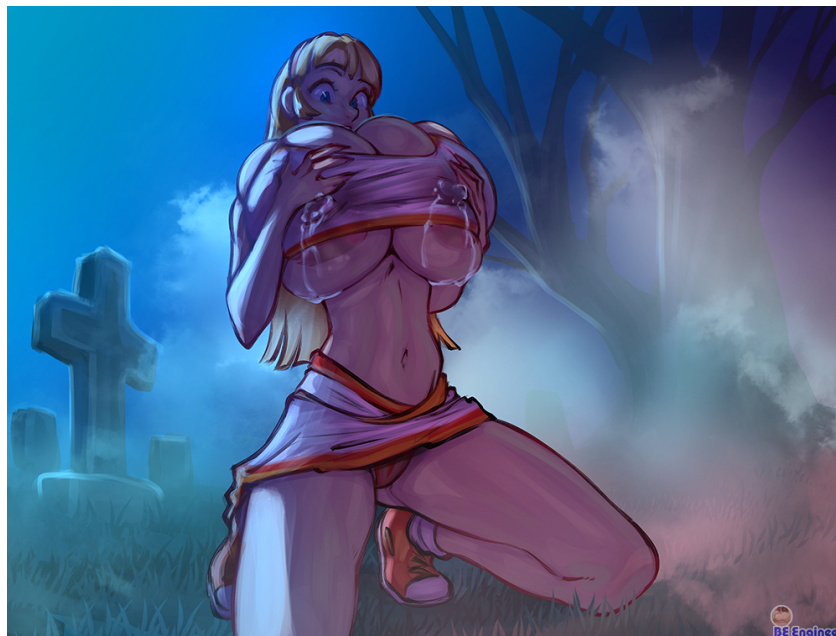
"F-FUCK!! CANDICE!!!" she yelled, grabbing her mounds as they overpowered her shirt. Rips tore open, her nipples forcing their way to freedom. Cleavage threatened to swallow her face. "WHAT DID...a-ahh!! WHAT DID YOU DO?!"



“Ahhmmm!!” her lover squeaked. “I...I can feel it!!” Candice exhaled steam. Looking at her tightening cheer top, she saw the bumps of two stiffening nipples rise into the fabric. Warmth pulsed from her areolas as if they were coals. Spreading outward into the cores of her breasts, Candice’s milk glands ignited and her pussy moistened with fresh lube.

Guurrrrgle

“Ngh!! A...Amelia...!” she piped. Her hands flung upward upon feeling a sudden pressure shift within. Fingers groped two breasts rapidly swelling to fill the outfit’s extra space, expanding like fleshy balloons. Pleasure pulled her to the ground. Her knees fell into dew-covered grass.



“God!! My chest!! It’s...ON FIRE!! They’re growing, Amy!! Look at them!! They’re really filling with milk!! I’m actually--”

“You...idiot.”

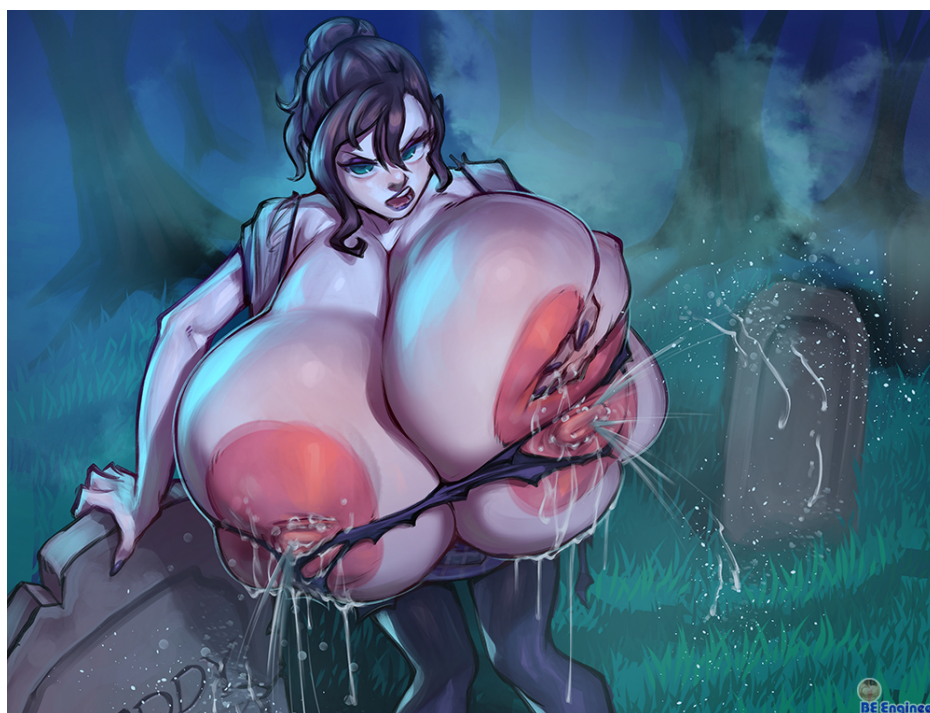
GUUUURRRGLE

Candice looked up, heat flushing her cheeks as she blinked. “H...Huh?”

Sloooooommmsh!!

“Nngh!! Fuuuuck!”

Amelia was struggling to her feet. With Heddy’s headstone as her support, she rose to wobbling milk-drunk legs with a lean to one side. Engorged udders hung heavy to her hips. What little of her shirt remains was held together by threads.



“A-Amelia?” Candice whimpered, shrinking away despite her breasts gaining several inches in her palms.

“Haahhhh... Haahhhhhh, goddammit, Candice...” Amelia fumed between labored pants.

GUUUURRRGLE!!

SHHHRRRIIP!!!

“MMGGAHHH!!!”

The rest of her shirt ruptured. Released to freedom, her breasts billowed forth into fat teardrops with underbellies reaching her mid-thigh. Green pulses ran through them, illuminating her veins as milk pumped her fuller by the second.

“I...am going to kill you...” she growled.

Candice stood up as her breasts blossomed to escape her cheer top like rising dough.

“O-Ok, I might have acted too quickly!! But-- Amelia, stop!! I only-- A-AMELIA!!”

The goth stumbled forward in a top-heavy dance. *“COME HERE!!”*

“BUT--EEK!!!”

Amelia moved fast for her size. Falling into Candice, she pinned the cheerleader against a tree. Distending mounds mashed together in a fight for space, but Amelia’s easily overpowered their opponent’s. She took the neckline of Candice’s cheer top in her fist, ripping it open to expose the blonde’s freshly grown melons.

“A...Amelia...!” she whined, squeezed between the tree and two yoga ball-sized mammaries. Her own cleavage rubbed against her neck, squeezed into submission. *“I...can’t breathe!! You’re--”*

“Shut the fuck up and kiss me.”

Their lips met under Amelia’s forceful advance. Candice had no choice in the matter as she was enveloped in a cloud of overwhelming desire. Even if she wanted to, she couldn’t have escaped Amelia’s desire.

GUUUURRRRGLE

“M-Mmm!!”

Milk flowed into them simultaneously and drew twin whimpers. As fast as Candice’s came, Amelia’s was more than double. Skin stretched and rubbed together from each pair looking for room. In a dance of lust, both girls felt the other’s hand drifting toward their thighs. Fingertips brushed skirts to the side before finding the soft hidden folds beneath. Slickness met with their touch, both pairs of sopping panties moving aside to grant access.

Strrrrrtch

They pulled away to catch their breath. Vapor filled the space between their eyes.

“Mmmmmmm! God, look...what you fucking did to me...” Amelia growled, her cleavage rising between them. *“I feel like I’m about to explode. All this milk... FIVE fucking ghosts!! Do you have any idea what this is going to do to me?”*

“I only wanted...to have more milk...!”

Amelia pressed her weight harder, drawing a whimper from Candice. *“I should smother you with these monsters.”*

A teasing, though weak, grin flashed. *“I dare you.”*

GUUUURRRRRRGLE

“MMMMMMMM!!!”

Flesh expanded down and to the sides, rubbing across Amelia’s shins. Staying upright was becoming an impossible challenge.

Candice squeaked when her breasts bloated deeper into Amelia’s cleavage, the pressure in and around them rising. *“I-It feels so good to fill up! It feels even better...doing it with you.”*

Amelia faltered. The world was starting to spin. Between her thighs, Candice’s fingers were clenched in a vice of tensing muscle as fluid poured over her. *“Nnngh!! It’s-- God, I can’t take all this!!”*

Her knees buckled. Grabbing Candice’s torn shirt, they both followed gravity’s command to the ground. Candice landed sprawled over Amelia’s form, two titanic mounds of

milk-stretched flesh supporting her weight. Their legs tangled, Candice's thigh pushing into her lover's crotch.

The size of Amelia's nipples took her breath away. Quivering in front of her face atop a plate-sized areola, the soda can flesh volcanos expanded and contracted with sensitivity. Milk trickled from their pores and ran down the pearl curves to the graves below.

"Y-You're...*really big*," Candice whispered, slightly afraid to touch the monumental assets. Compared to the watermelons hanging off her front, they were mountains.

"*I know! I...know!! These wet nurses are DRIVING ME INSANE!! I can't--*" Amelia tensed, her body wracked with waves of tension as milk sought space within her aching bust. "*They're stretching me out!! I don't know how much more I can--GAHH!!*"

Candice had latched. Taking one nipple per hand, she squeezed and massaged one while sucking on another. Her mouth had no hope of fitting over the pink monster, but any amount of licking or suction was enough to bring a gentle geyser of dairy.

GUUUUUURRRRRGLE!!!

"*Aahhh!!! AAHHHH FUCK!!! OH FUCK THAT'S INTENSE!!*" Amelia squirmed under her engorging mass. Flesh pinned her arms to the ground as she inched larger across the grass. "*D-DON'T... DON'T SUCK SO HARD!! YOU'RE MAKING THE MILK COME IN STRONGER!! I-- MMNGAAHH!! CANDICE!!*"

The cheerleader was relentless. She crawled higher, putting her full weight onto the twin mounds until they squished around her torso. Her knee massaged Amelia's clit without mercy, mashing and kneading her plumped folds.

GUUURRRRGLE!!

"*Ahh!!*" Candice gasped when her chest ballooned enough to make her heart skip a beat. Milk ran from her mouth at the cry. "*It's...good... It tastes so good...! I just want--*"

GUUUURRRRGLE!!

Amelia whined at surging engorgement. "*MMNGH!!! It's--*"

She looked around. Her knee couldn't reach Amelia's groin. Slowly, she was being lifted atop the two swelling breasts. A dull glow emanated from within, pulsing across her nipples and through hidden veins.

Rmmmbbblll

Pressure assaulted her milk glands. "*NNNGHH!!! There's--*"

"A-Amelia?" Testingly pressing a hand into the churning surface, Candice found little give to her girlfriend's bust. "*Are you--*"

RRMMMMMBBLLLL!!

"*AAHHHH!! Too...BIG!! Way too fucking big!!*" Amelia screamed. Colors and sounds raced through her mind. She couldn't hear over her own breasts producing milk. An otherworldly groan vibrated her chest then. "*All this...MILK!!!*"

GUUUUUURRRRRRGLE!!!

Something raged inside of her. Candice felt her own breasts accelerate, growing beneath her to lift her body even higher on the wobbling tower. "*Why are they speeding up?!*"

Panic came then after a pause. *"Milk me!!! Milk me milk me milk me!!! MILK MEEE!!!"*
 Her voice wasn't her own. There were others mixing their own desires. Five women, all desperate for release.

GUUUUUURRRRRGLE!!!

Crrraack!!

A headstone snapped in half against her breasts. Candice felt the ghosts in her bosom grow restless, pumping their power with more strength.

"Ahh!! I-It-- It's too fast!!!" she squeaked, letting go of Amelia's nipples to massage her own sore chest. *"Ameliaaaa!! I'm getting too full!!!"*

The conglomeration of voices roared back, *"DON'T YOU DARE TALK TO ME ABOUT TOO FULL!! I'M SO FULL I'M GOING TO BURST IF I DON'T GET ALL OF THIS--"*

GUUUUUURRRRRGLE!!!

"MMNNGAAHHHH!!!"

Amelia's chest heaved with enough force to throw Candice off. Grass cushioned her landing when she fell, gazing up at the heaving blue-glowing girth of her girlfriend. They churned with pressure, visibly struggling to expand.

"U-Uh oh..."

"MILK US!!!" her merged voice demanded.

There wasn't much time. Candice tried to get up, but two lap-filling piles of flesh weighed her down. She managed to get to her hands and knees, leaving her chest hanging like a pair of swollen udders squishing over the grass and around her arms.

GUURRRGLE!

They bloated larger, sending her eyes wide at the creeping cleavage. Even hers were starting to glow as pressure reached higher. *"Amelia!! I can't!! I'm too big!! I-I feel like I'm stretching!!!"*

RRMMMMBBBLLLL!!!

Her chest shined bright in the moonlight. Reflections danced as more headstones met with her curves, deforming their shapes. *"MMMMMMMMM!!!! FUUUUCK!! GET THEM OUT!! GET THEM OUT!!!"*

"How?! I can't reach your nipples!!! Amelia!!!" Candice whimpered when her chest started lifting her from the ground. *"I-I feel like I'm going to pop!!!"*

Amelia's legs parted then, spreading the bottom of her cleavage. A hiked-up skirt revealed a pink treasure escaping askew panties.



The solution was clear.

Candice crawled, dragging her chest over the grass until she was between Amelia's thighs. The looming hulk of two shed-sized tits towered over her. Looking down, she saw lustful fluid running in waves from Amelia's petals.

RRMMMMBBBBLLLLL

"MMMMMM MILK US!!! PLEASE MILK UUUSSSS!!" Beneath her flesh, Amelia was clawing at the grass and dirt, trying to arch her back to relieve any of the pressure.

Heat and fluid bathed Candice's face. She dove in, taking Amelia's plumpness across her tongue before sealing her lips around a clit swollen to a pea.

"GAAAAHHHH!!!"

SPLRRRTCH!!

Milk sprayed over her back as if it were raining. Any bit of stimulation caused the wall of flesh to creak and groan above Candice. She didn't mind. She liked it. She liked feeling her breasts swell alongside them, pushing between her and the ground.

"MILK US!!! MILK UUUSSS~!!" Amelia screamed into her cleavage. The cemetery spun around her as darkness grew to swallow her vision. Pressure pushed against her nipples, forcing them to grow full and domed. Their bases widened to turn them into spreading cones.

RRMMMMBBBBLLLLL!!!

"MIIILK UUUSSSS!!! PLEASE!!! RELEASE!!! WE NEED RELEASE!!!"

Candice's tongue flew. One of her hands worked between her own thighs. Sparks were igniting. Pressure ached to a breaking point for her bust. Based on the inferno between Amelia's thighs, the end was near. Her legs were starting to quake. Tensing and clamping down, they pulled Candice into the pink folds.

GUUUUUUUUUURRRRRRGLE!!!!

"AAHHHHHHHHH!!!! FUUUUUUCK I CAN'T HOLD THEEEEM!!! I-- I'm...gonna-- I'M GONNA EX..." Amelia tried to scream but could draw no air.

RRMMMMBBBBBBLL!!!

SPLRRRTCH!!!

Candice felt herself go over the edge as her nipples dug into the grass. Ready to push her lover over the breaking point, she tenderly squeezed Amelia's clit between her teeth as if it were a delicate fruit.

Pressure surged, the intense stimulation a match to gasoline.

RRMMMMMBBBBBBBBLLLLLL!!!

"AAHH!! AAAHHHH!!! HHAAHHHHHHH!!!"

Her hips bucked. Flesh groaned, too tight to stretch another inch. As Candice felt cleavage push down on her back, pinning her in place, she braced for release. A bright blue glow blinded her from within the chasm. Skin trembled around her, both pairs of volcanoes on the verge of--

SPL000000000MMMMSH!!!!

The cemetery shook at Amelia's orgasm. Erupting in pleasure, her body forced milk from her bust in twin geysers of cream visible from every corner of the property. It shined silver in the moonlight.

"AAAHHHHHHH!!! I'M COMING!!! I'M COMING!!! I'M FUCKING COMIIIIING!!!"

Pulses raced through her titanic globes as milk and ghost alike were expelled. It took several seconds for the milk to return to earth. When it did, the cemetery echoed with the sudden downpour of dairy.

It was all Candice could do to stay still as milk sprayed in a torrent from her breasts as well. Fingers clenched deep inside of her, she took in every sensory overload of Amelia's orgasm at the source. Scents and sweat washed over her, every internal tug and contraction passing over her lips and tongue.

Neither girl could remember the end of the ordeal.

Candice opened her eyes to a dark night sky, heavy breaths struggling to lift the melon-sized breasts sloping off her chest. Her head lay on Amelia's pelvis, both thighs parted around her body. Milk sloshed in the grass around them as if a water line had burst. The spirits were silent once more, returned to their graves.

"A...Amelia...?" she groaned, too tired to move. Sweat chilled her body like ice in the night air. "Did we--"

She turned her head upward but froze upon seeing a pair of breasts blocking her way to her lover. Each as large as a fifty-gallon drum, Amelia's mammaries pinned her to the ground. Milk still trickled down their sides as her lungs struggled to lift them for breath.

"You... H-Holy shit..." Amelia swallowed, her vision still not recovered. Though the welling pressure was gone, the size and sensitivity would remain in her breasts for some time. "Candice... Remember how long I said the swelling lasted from Heddy's possession...?"

Candice didn't want to answer, instead whimpering. "Y-Yea..."

"After that stunt you pulled... You better have a damn good plan for getting me home."